

THE Saturday Magazine.

No. 113.

APRIL

5TH, 1834.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.



UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

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PETERBOROUGH, an ancient, but small city, seated on the river Nen, in Northamptonshire, received its name from an abbey founded in early times, and dedicated to St. Peter. We are told, that in the Nen was a gulf of measureless depth, called Medeswell, near which, was the town of *Medeshamstead*, so called, probably, from its having been the *homestead* belonging to a very extensive *mead*, or meadow, in the neighbourhood.

The beauty of the spot, then abounding in rich woods and water, was so attractive to Peada, King of the Mercians, (the county of Northampton being in the dominion of Mercia during the Heptarchy,) that he resolved to found an abbey there. In the commencement of this work, in the year 655, he is said to have laid stones of such enormous size, that eight yoke of oxen could scarcely draw one of them: but on his death, his brothers, Wolfere and Etheldred, and his sisters, Kyneburga and Kyneswitha, continued it. The part, however, which King Wolfere took in this matter, appears to have been instigated by a motive similar to that, which led Offa, another Mercian King, to erect the abbey of St. Alban's; namely, as a penance, and to assuage the horrors of a guilty conscience. The story is curious as a specimen of early English superstition, and may be shortly told.

Wolfere, was a wicked heathen monarch: he had two sons, Wolfade and Rufine. The former was fond of hunting; and one day, when engaged in his favourite sport, he pursued a deer which sought refuge at a fountain, near the cell of the famous St. Chad. The saint observing the poor creature weary and worn, covered her with leaves, thinking from her appearance, that some extraordinary event would presently occur, as arising from the adventure. Presently came Prince Wolfade, inquiring for the deer. But St. Chad replied, 'that he was a keeper not of beasts, but of the souls of men; and that Wolfade was as a hart at the water-brooks, providentially sent to the fountain of living water.' Further conversation ensued, which ended in the baptism of the Prince, and soon afterwards of his brother, at the fountain. These Christian brothers became, through the artful representations of their father's steward, objects of hatred to the king, who cruelly murdered them while at prayer. Having subsequently confessed his crime to St. Chad, Wolfere was ordered by him, to repair the ruined temples of God, and to found new ones. In the west cloister of the monastery, was formerly to be seen this story represented in painted glass, and near the place was a well, where, as tradition said, St. Chad hid the deer:—a subject of considerable interest for a picture. Thus Wolfere and his family having finished and richly endowed the abbey, dedicated it to St. Peter in 664.

After flourishing for above 200 years, it shared the fate of the rest of the town, and fell a victim to the fury of the Danish invaders in 870. This devastation was accompanied by an act of savage violence, in accordance with the spirit of the times. The monks, together with those of Croyland*, in Lincolnshire, who had fled to Medeshamstead after the destruction of their own monastery, defended the abbey for some time, but the Danes, bursting in, slaughtered them all. The abbey then lay in ruins for nearly a century, when it was restored by King Edgar, at the earnest entreaty of his queen, and of Athelwold, Bishop of Winchester. On the occasion of its renewal with all its former privileges, in the presence of Edgar, Archbishop Dunstan, Bishop Oswald, &c., large offerings of land and money were made; and

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. III., p. 148.

at this illustrious assembly, the name of the place was changed from Medeshamstead to *Burgh*; and on account of the beauty and wealth of the establishment, as well as its pleasant situation, it was called *Gildenburgh*; but, owing to its dedication to St. Peter, it obtained the title of PETERBOROUGH. It is said that, in those days, the abbey was so renowned and honoured, that whoever went thither to pray, whether King, lord, bishop, or abbot, put off his shoes at the gate, and entered barefoot.

The tenth abbot, Elsie, is only celebrated for being "inquisitive after relics, with which he was very industrious, to enrich his monastery." We have before us a list of these precious morsels, but are not inclined to offend or weary our reader with detailing them; "But," it is added, "whilst Elsie was careful abroad for relics, his abbey at home sustained loss in more real endowments, for Hoveden, in Yorkshire, was wrested from it." It appears, too, that about 1070, during the government of a careless and unpopular abbot, who had been placed there by William the First, the Danes, under Sweyn, burnt down the city, entered the abbey, and carried away all the treasures:—"precious things, such as there were not the like in all England!" To prevent the recurrence of such an invasion, the abbot erected a fort on the north side of the abbey, called *Tout-hill*.

We now come to the period in which the present Cathedral was begun. John de Sais, one of the monks of Sais, in Normandy, was elected abbot, and, in 1118, he laid the foundation of a new church, which was sufficiently finished in 1143, under Abbot Martin de Vecti, for the relics to be removed, and the monks introduced. At the ceremony were present, not only many of the clergy, but several barons and knights; and then they exhibited the arm of St. Oswald†, and other treasures. King Stephen went to see this wonder-working arm, and presented it with a ring.

By the "new church" just mentioned, we are not to understand the whole of the present structure, but so much of it as forms the present choir and altar, as it appears that William de Waterville, who succeeded in 1155, added two cross aisles; and Benedict, prior of the Holy Trinity, Canterbury, built the nave, from the lantern to the west end of the church; but not the grand west front, of which we shall speak presently. "Our Norman architects," says Benthall in his *History of Ely Cathedral*, "laid out their whole design at first: they usually began at the east end, or choir part: when that was finished and covered in, the church was consecrated: they then carried on the remainder of their plan themselves, as far as they were able, leaving the rest to be completed by their successors."

In 1200, the abbey being in a state of poverty, King John appointed Acharius, prior of St. Alban's, as abbot, by whose care it began again to flourish, and in 1238 it contained one hundred and ten monks. It is supposed, that soon after this, the beautiful west front of the Cathedral was erected. By the west front must be understood, the two square towers, with lofty pinnacles, at the north-west and south-west corners; the three noble Gothic arches which stand between these towers; and the portico between the arches and the west-wall of the church. Within

† A Christian king of Northumberland, famous for his charity to the poor; in the performance of one of his charitable acts, a Scotch bishop, who was present, is alleged to have taken him by the right hand, and exclaimed, "May this hand never grow old." And though Oswald was afterwards defeated by Penda, King of Mercia, and torn in pieces, the arm (so says the legend) was preserved and brought to Peterborough.

each of the two towers is a winding staircase, leading up to the roof of the portico. That portion of the Cathedral, called the *new building*, which is at the east end, is considered the most modern portion of the whole, the date of it being about A.D. 1500.

From this brief sketch of the history of the building, we proceed to describe the dimensions of the principal parts:—

	Feet
Length of the whole Cathedral, measured on the outside	479
Length of the Transept from north to south	203
Breadth of the west front	156
Height of the Lantern	150
Height of each Gothic arch at the west front	82

We may imagine the Cathedral now completed, when Cardinal Wolsey kept his Easter at Peterborough. On Palm-Sunday he carried his palm, the monks attending him in solemn procession. On the Thursday following he kept his Maundy*, washing and kissing the feet of fifty-nine poor people, to each of whom he gave twelve-pence, canvass for a shirt each, shoes, and red herrings, and on Easter-day, he went in state, sung the high mass himself, and concluded with a benediction on the audience.

In 1534, Chambers, the then abbot, together with the prior and thirty-seven monks, professed, under their hands and seals, fidelity and obedience to King Henry the Eighth, and acknowledged him to be supreme head of the church of England. Peterborough then became a bishopric, and its abbey a Cathedral. In the following year, Catherine, the first wife of the cruel and capricious Henry, died at Kimbolton Castle, Huntingdonshire, and was buried on the north side of the choir, nearly opposite to the bishop's throne. In the same Cathedral, in July 1587, by torch-light, the remains of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots were consigned to their narrow bed, on the south side of the choir. She had been executed at Fotheringay Castle, about ten miles from Peterborough, in the February preceding. After the body had remained in its tomb for about twenty-five years, her son, James the First, removed it to Westminster Abbey; but the superb monument raised to her memory continued entire.

From this time, until 1643, nothing remarkable happened relative to Peterborough Cathedral: but then it experienced the mischiefs arising from the desolating principle, or rather, want of all principle, of men, "who turned faith into faction, and religion into rebellion." The town of Croyland, about ten miles off, declared for King Charles the First, and was garrisoned. The parliamentary army, in passing through Peterborough, about the middle of April, broke into the church, pulled down the organ, and trampled upon its fragments; they quickly entered the choir, and tore up the Prayer-books. Then fell the seats, the stalls, and the wainscot, and a noble screen exquisitely carved. The soldiers, after firing at every thing that was beautiful, defaced the monuments and grave-stones; and having forced their way into the Chapter-house, tore the ancient manuscripts in pieces, particularly those that had seals appended to them, ignorantly mistaking deeds and charters for popish bulls. "Thus," says an eye-witness, "was a fair and stately building, in the course of about a fortnight, stripped of its ornamental beauty, and made a ruthless spectacle, a very chaos of desolation and confusion; scarcely any thing remaining but bare walls, broken seats, and shattered windows."

* Maundy from *Maund*, a basket, containing the gifts. For an account of the ceremonies on Maundy Thursday, see *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 116.

In the year of the happy restoration, 1660, the Dean, who had been for a long period exiled in France, was reinstated in his office, and the prebendal stalls were again occupied by the clergy of the established Church. The sums that have been occasionally expended since that time, by the Dean and Chapter, upon this noble edifice, are large and liberal, and they appear to have been judiciously applied. It is now in excellent repair; and, with the exception of the painted windows demolished by the Oliverian rabble, it may be said to be looking as splendid as ever.

INSCRIPTION ON A BELL.

To call the folks to church in time . . . I chime.
When mirth and joy are on the wing . . . I ring;
When from the body parts the soul . . . I toll!

THE COW-TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

WE had heard of a tree, the juice of which is a nourishing milk; it is called the Cow-Tree; and we were assured that the negroes of the farm, who drink plentifully of this vegetable milk, consider it as a wholesome aliment. All the milky juices of plants being acrid, bitter, and more or less poisonous, this assertion appeared to us very extraordinary; but we found, by experience, during our stay at Barbula, that the virtues of the *palo de vaca* had not been exaggerated. This fine tree rises like the broad-leaved star-apple*. Its oblong and pointed leaves, tough and alternate, are marked by lateral ribs, prominent at the lower surface, and parallel; they are some of them ten inches long. We did not see the flower: the fruit is somewhat fleshy, and contains one, or sometimes two nuts. When incisions are made in the trunk of the Cow-Tree, it yields abundance of a glutinous milk, tolerably thick, destitute of all acrimony, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the *tutumo*, or calabash-tree. We drank considerable quantities of it in the evening before we went to bed, and very early in the morning, without feeling the least injurious effect. The ropiness of this milk alone renders it a little disagreeable. The negroes and the free people, who work in the plantations, drink it, dipping into it their bread of maize or cassava. The *major domo* of the farm told us, that the negroes grow sensibly fatter during the season when the *palo de vaca* furnishes them with most milk.

This juice, exposed to the air, presents at its surface, perhaps in consequence of the absorption of the atmospheric oxygen, membranes of a strongly animalized substance, yellowish, stringy, and resembling a cheesy substance; these membranes, separated from the rest of the more aqueous liquid, are elastic, almost like *caoutchouc*; but they undergo, in time, the same phenomena of putrefaction as gelatine. The people call the coagulum that separates by the contact of the air, cheese; this coagulum grows sour in the space of five or six days, as I observed in the small portions which I carried to Nueva Valencia.

This extraordinary tree appears to be peculiar to the Cordillera of the coast, particularly from Barbula to the lake of Maracaybo. Some stocks of it exist near the village of San Mateo, and in the valley of Caucagua, three days' journey east of Caracas. At Caucagua, the natives call the tree that furnishes this nourishing juice the Milk-Tree, (*arbol de leche*.) They profess to recognise, from the thickness and colour of the foliage, the trunks that yield the most juice, as the herdsman distinguishes, from external

* *Chrysophyllum cainito*.

signs, a good milch cow. It seems, according to Mr. Kunth, to belong to the *Sapota* family*.

Amid the great number of curious phenomena which have presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess there are few which have so powerfully affected my imagination as the aspect of the Cow-Tree. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree, with coriaceous and dry leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone; for several months in the year not a single shower moistens its foliage; its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant; the blacks and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at its surface; some empty their bowls near the tree itself, others carry the juice home to their children. We seem to behold the family of a shepherd, who distributes the milk of his flock.—HUMBOLDT'S *Personal Narrative*.

* The *Sapota* is a genus of trees, (*Hexandria Monogynia*), anciently called *Achras*, commonly translated the Wild Pear, of which four species are enumerated in MARTYN'S *Miller*. 1st, *Mamee Sapota*, otherwise called, Nippled *Sapota*, or the American Marmalade, from which a marmalade is made like that of quinces. It is planted in the gardens in most of the West India Islands. 2nd, *Common Sapota*, with a fruit larger than a quince, of a delicate mellow taste. All the tender parts are full of a milky juice, extremely harsh, and bitterish: but the fruit though full of this while young, is very sweet and agreeable when it ripens. 3rd, *Clove-flowered Sapota*. All the herbaceous parts of this tree are milky. Cultivated in Malabar, the fruit of which is of the size and form of the olive, succulent, of a sweetish acid flavour. 4th, *Willow-leaved Sapota*. No part of the tree is milky: called in Jamaica, White Bully Tree, or Galimeta-wood: it is reckoned good timber.

THE cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others: the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good-will has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever: the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ, which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.—*Journal of a Naturalist*.

A SCOTCH Highlander was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, his life was about to be sacrificed, when the chief adopted him as his son. They carried him into the interior; he learnt their language, assumed their habits, and became skilful in the use of their arms. After a season, the same tribe began their route to join the French army, at that time opposed to the English. It was necessary to pass near to the English lines during the night. Very early in the morning, and it was spring, the old chief roused the young highlander from his repose: he took him to an eminence, and pointed out to him the tents of his countrymen. The old man appeared to be dreadfully agitated, and there was a keen restlessness in his eye. After a pause; "I lost" said he, "my only son in the battle with your nation: are you the only son of your father? and do you think that your father is yet alive?" The young man replied, "I am the only son of my father, and I hope that my father is yet alive." They stood close to a beautiful magnolia in full blossom. The prospect was grand and enchanting, and all its charms were crowned by the sun, which had fully emerged from the horizon. The old chief, looking steadfastly at his companion, exclaimed, "Let thy heart rejoice at the beauty of the scene! to me it is as the desert; but you are free; return to your countrymen, revisit your father that he may again rejoice, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring!"—COLTON.

THE GOSSIP.

How like the existence of a squirrel in a cage, is that of a gossip, particularly that of the regular notorious gossip in a country town. The squirrel sleeps well, wakes at a certain hour, eats his accustomed food, takes his accustomed exercises in that twirling thing, which always goes the same way, and which he cannot get out of; the squirrel expects, and takes with much pleasure the offered nut or fruit, which is to him, what a piece of news is to the gossip, and then he goes quietly to his bed, when his usual quantity of food and exercise is taken, and wakes next day to a repetition of the same. And what does the gossip do more? The squirrel acquires no new ideas in the day, nor, I fear, does the gossip; but we do not expect a squirrel to gain ideas; we do expect it from human beings; for we know that they have duties to perform, and souls to be saved, whether they know it or not; know it, I trust they do, but then they forget it. The mournful truth is, they have so long accustomed themselves to idle away life, and pass it in long talks, (as the savages say,) which can do no one any good, and must do positive harm, that they are likely to remain what I have called them, nearly incorrigible; with them, alas! all inquiries are external; they know not what it is to commune with the *secret heart*; they are well read in the defects of others, but they never think of trying to discover their own. Therefore, they must continue to saunter from street to street, from the club to the coffee-room, from one house to another, and from shop to shop, in weary succession, like the squirrel in its ever-circling wheel, the pages of their passing hours bearing no character fit to be handed down by recording time to eternity, a burden often to themselves, and wholly useless, if not wearisome, to others.

Alas! poor squirrel! but still more pitiable gossip! for the squirrel knows not his privations, but gossips must occasionally be conscious of *theirs*. They must know from the little mind that remains to them, that idleness produces listlessness; want of regular occupation, weariness; and that with increasing years, comes increasing irritability, the result of conscious uselessness, and the want of those resources which enliven others.

Gossips are, indeed, a pitiable race; and to the young gossip, who may not be wholly incorrigible, I recommend a perusal of the following admirable admonition. "Let any man pass an evening in *listless idleness*, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep, or gets up the next morning, with its state some other day, when he has passed some hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself, by careful examination, of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others, that they are true, and he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being; the difference between looking back upon time *improperly wasted*, and time spent in *self-improvement*. He will feel himself, in the one case, listless and dissatisfied, in the other, comfortable and happy; in the one case, if he does not appear to himself humbled, at least he will not have earned any claims to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having by his own exertions become a more wise, and, therefore, a more exalted creature."—*Detraction*, by Mrs. OPIE.

WISDOM AND INTEGRITY.—Wisdom without innocence is knavery: innocence without wisdom is foolery: be therefore as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves. The subtlety of the serpent instructs the innocence of the dove: the innocence of the dove corrects the subtlety of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate.—QUARLES.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—It is a pleasant sight to see every thing smooth and smiling within the same walls. To have no separate interests, no difficulty of humour, no clashing of pretensions to contest with: where every body keeps to his post, moves in his order, and endeavours to make himself acceptable; where envy and contempt have no place but where it is a pleasure to see others pleased.

HOWEVER unfortunate we may think ourselves, yet let us remember there is an Eye watching over us; it is a heavenly will, not blind fate, that guides the world.

SINGULAR DEXTERITY OF A GOAT.



UPON our road, we met an Arab with a Goat, which he led about the country to exhibit, in order to gain a livelihood for itself and its owner. He had taught this animal, while he accompanied its movements with a song, to mount upon little cylindrical blocks of wood, placed successively one above the other. In this manner the goat stood, first upon the top of one cylinder, then upon the top of two, and afterwards of three, four, five, and six, until it remained balanced upon the summit of them all, elevated several feet from the ground, and with its four feet collected upon a single point, without throwing down the disjointed fabric whereon it stood. The practice is very ancient.

Nothing can show more strikingly the tenacious footing possessed by this quadruped, upon the jutting points and crags of rocks; and the circumstance of its ability to remain thus poised, may render its appearance less surprising, as it is sometimes seen in the Alps, and in all mountainous countries, with hardly any place for its feet upon the sides, and by the brink of most tremendous precipices.

The diameter of the upper cylinder, on which its four feet ultimately remained, until the Arab had ended his ditty, was only two inches; and the length of each cylinder was six inches. The most curious part of the performance occurred afterwards; for the Arab, to convince us of the animal's attention to the turn of the air, interrupted the *da capo*: as often as he did this, the goat tottered, appeared uneasy, and, upon his becoming suddenly silent in the middle of his song, it fell to the ground.—CLARKE'S *Travels*.

In a note, Dr. Clarke writes, Sandys saw this in Grand Cairo. "There are in this city, and have been of long, a sort of people that do get their livings, by shewing of feates with birds and beasts, exceeding therein all such as have bin famous amongst us. * * * I have seen them make both dogs and goates to set their foure feet on a little turned pillar of wood, about a foot high, and no broader at the end than the palm of a hand: climbing from one to two set on the top of one another; and so to the third and fourth: and there turn about as often as their masters would bid them."—SANDYS'S *Travels*.

And again. "On the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced, and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where I would not have good stock still,—for all beneath the moon."—

GRAY'S *Letter to Wharton*.

THE ISLANDS OF IRELAND.

ONE important feature of Ireland, hitherto passed over in a vague and general style by all writers, consists in the great number of islands scattered round her shores; in most of which, the Irish language is generally, in many, almost exclusively, spoken. The extreme length of Ireland, is 306 miles, its extreme breadth 207, and, speaking loosely, the circumference is about 880 miles. "The sinuous line of its sea-coast, however, exclusive of such parts as lie within estuaries, or above the first good anchorage in every harbour, but inclusive of the river Shannon, as far as the tide reaches, and the shores of Bantry Bay, Dunmanus Bay, and Kenmare river, will, if accurately followed through all its windings, be found to measure 1737 miles. In this line, there are not fewer than one hundred and thirty harbours, and places where ships may anchor for a tide, or find shelter. Round the coast of this fine country, and including her inland lakes, the number of islands and islets cannot be calculated at less than six hundred. In Clew Bay alone, on the west coast, the islands, islets, holms, and rocks, above the surface of the water, have been rated, I think, as high as three hundred, which, if they were planted, would cause this inlet of the sea, to exceed in picturesque beauty, any thing of the kind in Europe. In Strangford Lough, on the east coast, there are fifty-four islands, small and great, known by particular names, besides many others nameless. As to inland lakes, to say nothing of Lough Coirrib, Lough Ree, or Lough Deirgeart, from the centre of an island in Lough Erne, called Ennismacsaint, may be seen twenty-seven islands in view at once.

Close upon our native shore, (yet as devoid of all the calm and profitable satisfaction which books afford, as if they had lain in the bosom of the Pacific,) here it is, that as far as Christianity is concerned, our own countrymen have seen Sabbath after Sabbath pass silently away, from one year's end to the other,—no church-going bell—no gatherings of the people to hear the sweet sounds of divine mercy, or, as the native Irish say, "the story of peace;" they have for ages lived and died amidst one unbroken famine, not, indeed, of bread and water, but of hearing the word of the Lord.

Of these Islands, at least one hundred and forty were inhabited twelve years ago. Some were very small: seventeen contain only one family in each;

and ten, not more than three in each; but some are large, and the aggregate population of the whole, amounted to not less than 43,000 souls.

I will mention a few particulars of only two of them. Raghlin, Rathlin, or Ratherin, the *Rienea* of Pliny, the *Ricinea* of Ptolomy, about six miles distant from the north coast of Antrim, is nearly five miles long, and three and a half in extreme breadth, it abounds with some curious arrangements of Basaltic pillars, similar to those of the Giants' Causeway*. It affords a considerable quantity of sea-weed for kelp, and where cultivated, produces excellent barley. A religious establishment was founded here, in the sixth century, by Columba, but in 790, it was ravaged by the Danes. The attachment of the natives to their little island is extreme, and one of their worst wishes to any neighbour who has injured them is, that he may end his days in Ireland†. Raghlin is memorable as the retreat of Robert Bruce of Scotland. It was here that he planted his standard, and obtained some aid from the native Irish, before he proceeded to the Hebrides. Dr. Francis Hutchinson, Bishop of Down and Connor, who published an Irish almanack, and a defence of the ancient historians, with application to the history of Ireland and Great Britain, in the year 1712, procured for the inhabitants of this island, a translation of the Church Catechism into Irish, with the English annexed. It was printed at Belfast, but in the Roman letter, and the orthography of both languages was interfered with, which was not a judicious step; I know not whether a single copy of the Raghlin Catechism remains in Ireland.

Tory, about ten miles or more off the coast of Donegal, but united to the parish of Tullaghmagilly, is about three miles long, and one broad. The name of this island is thought to be of Runic etymology, and Thor-eye, now corrupted into Tory, denotes that it was consecrated to Thor, the Scandinavian deity, who presided over desolate places. The inhabitants are unacquainted with any other law than that of their old Brehon code. They choose their own chief judge, and to his mandate, issuing from a throne of turf, the people yield a ready obedience. Round a tower and church built by Columkill, there is a graveyard, to which peculiar sanctity is ascribed, and where no one is permitted to be interred. The people but very seldom come to the main land. About two years ago, a fishing-boat, containing seven or eight men, being driven by stress of weather into Ards Bay, on the coast adjoining, it turned out that not one of these men had ever been in Ireland before! The trees belonging to Mr. Stewart of Ards, (the uncle of Lord Londonderry,) actually astonished them, and they were seen putting leaves and small branches in their pockets, to show on their return. In August, 1826, the poor people in this island, amounting to nearly 500, were visited by a great calamity. A strange and unforeseen storm set in from the north-west, which drove the sea, in immense waves, over the whole flat part of the island; the waves beat even over the highest cliffs—all their corn was destroyed, their potatoes washed out of the ground, and all the springs of fresh water filled with that of the sea. Their deplorable situation constrained them to several communications with the main land—their condition, in other respects, then excited pity. It was then arranged that an Irish teacher be sent them, and so this frowning provi-

dence may prove to have been only the precursor of better days than they have ever seen.

Innismurry, about six miles distant from the coast of Sligo, is but small, containing about 130 acres of shallow soil. In this isle there is a large image rudely carved in wood, and painted red, which the people call Father Molash, to which it is affirmed they pay devotion; and they have an altar built of loose round stones, called "the cursing altar," to which they are said to apply, if any one has injured them.

L. C.

[ANDERSON'S Historical Sketches of the Ancient Native Irish.]

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

In the latter end of 1831, some of the principal chiefs of New Zealand, (in number, I believe, thirteen,) addressed a letter to the King, in which, after expressing their fears as to the designs of some foreigners who had visited their shores, (alluding principally to the visit of a French corvette, which had lately touched at the Bay of Islands,) they proceeded to request, that his Majesty would appoint some person to reside among them, as his representative, for the purpose of maintaining a friendly intercourse between King William and the New Zealanders; and to keep in order some of his own subjects, convicts escaped from Port Jackson, or runaway seamen from the Whalers, who had stationed themselves near the Bay of Islands, and much troubled the natives. In reply to this, the government appointed Mr. James Busby, as Resident at New Zealand, and made him the bearer of his Majesty's answer. On Friday, May 17th, 1833, Mr. Busby left the ship; the *Imogen*, (with the usual salute of seven guns,) and accompanied by Captain Blackwood, and the greater part of the officers, landed at Paribeah. We were received on our arrival by the Missionaries, who led us to the place where the chiefs were assembled to receive us. Three or four of the more aged chiefs were sitting on the ground, and on a signal given by one of them, the main body, consisting of about two hundred chiefs and warriors, who, likewise, were sitting on the ground, at the distance of eighty yards, arose suddenly, and rushed towards us with tremendous shouts: when close to us, they stopped and began their War Dance, in which they leapt about with surprising agility, and kept admirable time, accompanying the dance with loud shouts, and hideous contortions of visage, at the same time, brandishing above them their muskets and *mevies*.

In this dance they followed the motions of a fugleman, who stood in the foremost ranks, and began first; the others took the time from him. Having repeated the dance three or four times, for the violence of the exercise required intervals to gain breath, the chiefs sat down, and the people formed a ring: three or four chiefs made a short speech to welcome us. This being over, we all repaired to a space in front of the Missionary Chapel. A table was placed, at which Mr. Busby and Captain Blackwood sat, with the officers and Missionaries on either side of them.

The people stood around in a circle, leaving a clear space in the front of Mr. Busby for the chiefs. Mr. Busby then read a letter from Lord Goderich, written by the king's command, first in English, and Mr. H. Williams, the senior Missionary, translated it into the New Zealand tongue. The letter was to this effect. That his majesty was happy to inform them, that their fears were groundless that he had sent Mr. Busby to reside as his representative among them, as they had wished: that he hoped they would behave amicably towards him; that he would exert himself, to prevent trouble arising to them from the English convicts and sailors; and that he would take measures to transport runaway convicts back again to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Mr. Busby then read an address, which was, in fact, a commentary on the king's letter. This also was interpreted to them. After this, several of the chiefs successively speechified away, approved of Mr. Busby's arrival, and seemed to feel the advantages of an intimate union with Great Britain. But each chief wished Mr. Busby to reside in his own district, and the eagerness with which each urged this, was highly amusing. Their method of speaking is very curious; while talking, they keep running backwards and forwards in a straight line, and use a great deal of action and gesture. Their speeches contain much repetition, and are very figurative.

* See *Saturday Magazine*, Vol. II., p. 50.

† The Capers, or inhabitants of Cape Clear Island, cherish so ardent an attachment to their apparently desolate Island, that even temporary banishment to the main land, has been found so severe a punishment, as effectually to prevent crime.

After they all had finished, Mr. Busby distributed presents of a blanket, and five pounds of tobacco, to about thirty of them, and this ceremony was followed by the more important one, the feast. This took place an hour and a half afterwards, and consisted of boiled potatoes, baked beef, and a mess of boiled flour, water, and sugar, of which the natives are very fond. The whole of it was conveyed into a grass-plot before Mr. Williams's house, by the natives who live about the Missionary establishment. The good things were piled up in the middle. The chiefs divided it out into as many portions as there were parties, and informed them by word of mouth, which was for each. On a given signal they all rushed forward, and seized their several portions, which they did not stay to eat, but carried away with them. The number of natives present was about 500, and 50 Europeans. All the officers after the ceremony went to Mr. Williams's, where they had some refreshment.

[Extracted from a Letter written on board H. M. Ship Imogen, dated Sydney, July 5th, 1833.]

CUNNING differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine, goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that where the path is straight and even, he may proceed in security, and where it is rough and crooked, he easily complies with the turns, and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk, fears more as he sees less; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe; tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise, lest violence should approach him. Wisdom comprehends at once the end and the means; estimates easiness or difficulty, and is cautious, or confident, in due proportion. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty, than multiplication of stratagems and superfluity of suspicion. The man of cunning always considers that he can never be too safe, and, therefore, always keeps himself enveloped in a mist, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curiosity.—JOHNSON.

Of what infinite value to society is that tenderness, compassion, and benevolence, which the Almighty has mercifully impressed on the female heart. It is a woman's exclusive gift; it is the foundation of all her virtues; the mainspring of her usefulness. Let her then daily consider the awful responsibility of such a gift; let her consider it as amongst her most valuable possessions; and solely employ it for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; and more especially for the nursing, training, and educating the young of her own species: let her give her heart, her tenderness, her compassion, to the infant orphan, and the deserted child; let her, in humble imitation of her great Master, become a teacher of the ignorant, and an instructor of babes; and let her, like him, fold in her arms the lovely emblems of those beings that form the kingdom of Heaven. Let her, with active zeal, bring little children to Christ, that he may bless them; and though, under her fostering care no great legislator, prince, or prophet, may arise, a superior reward will await her labours: that which is promised to those who save a soul from death. It will be her peculiar and happy lot, to rear good Christians and useful members of society; and above all, blessed spirits, for eternal happiness in the communion of saints made perfect.—MRS. KING.

You are to consider that you are a Christian; that no accident happens to us without the Divine permission, and that it is the duty of a man and a Christian to submit. We did not make ourselves; but the same Power which made us, rules over us, and we are absolutely at his disposal; he may do with us what he pleases, nor have we any right to complain. A second reason against our complaint is our ignorance; for, as we know not future events, so neither can we tell to what purpose any accident tends; and that which at first threatens us with evil, may, in the end, produce our good. You are a man, and, consequently, a sinner, and this may be a punishment to you for your sins; indeed, in this sense it may be esteemed a good, yea, as the greatest good, which satisfies the anger of heaven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue without our destruction. Thirdly, our impotency in relieving ourselves, demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaints; for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a power from whose shafts no armour can guard us, no speed can fly,—a power which leaves us no hope but in submission.—FIELDING.

THE IDOLS OF THE SAXONS.

VI. FREYA, OR FRIGA.

WHAT profiteth the graven image that the maker thereof hath graven it? the molten image, and a teacher of lies, that the maker of his work trusteth therein, to make dumb idols? Woe to him that saith to the wood, Awake! to the dumb stone, Arise! it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it. But the Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.—HABAKKUK ii. 18, 19, 20.

IN pursuing this subject, and noticing, as we proceed, the happy change that ensued in our land, from the grossest idolatry to Christianity, it is also interesting to trace the political rise of our Saxon ancestors, and to see from what small beginnings it has pleased Providence to raise large and populous nations.

The infant state of the Saxon people, before their invasion of England, and when the Romans first observed them, showed no signs from which human sagacity could have predicted greatness. They inhabited a territory on the neck of the Cimbric Chersonesus, now Jutland, in Denmark. This small region contained those, whose descendants occupy the circle of Westphalia, the electorate of Saxony, the British Islands, the United States of America, and the British Colonies in the two Indies! Such is the course of Providence, that empires the most extended and the most formidable, are found to vanish as the morning mist; while tribes scarcely visible, or contemptuously overlooked, like the springs of some mighty river, glide on gradually to greatness and importance.

In our last paper on the Saxons and their Idols, we alluded to the influence exerted by the Romans, over the customs of the countries, to which their conquests had opened a way. This is illustrated by the case of Britain, when it was a Roman province, previous to the arrival of the Saxons. During the residence of the various Roman governors, the arts, as well as the luxuries of Rome, continued to be imparted hither, so as greatly to alter the character and manners of the people. The Latin tongue was also, in some degree, used among the Britons; a circumstance which may account for the existence of many words of Roman growth in our language. But the retirement of these accomplished, though unprincipled visitors, took place A. D. 448; soon after which, the Saxon invaders established themselves in this country, when a state of greater rusticity, perhaps, but greater virtue, succeeded.

It is, indeed, curious to look back on the affairs of Britain before the arrival of the Saxons. The residence of the polished Romans in this country had produced a mighty change. Its towns were no longer barricaded forests, as represented by Julius Cæsar; nor its houses, wood cabins, covered with straw; nor its inhabitants naked savages, with painted bodies, or clothed with skins. It had been, for above three hundred years, the seat of Roman wealth and splendour. Roman emperors had reigned in Britain. The natives had built houses, temples, and market-places in their towns, and had adorned their dwellings with porches, galleries, and baths, and beautiful tessellated pavements. They had their advocates, orators, and poets. Of their towns, Caerleon, in Wales, and Verulam, near St. Alban's, remain to this day as ruins, or rather shadows of former grandeur. Gildas, the most ancient British writer extant (A. D. 550,) after lamenting all the evils his countrymen had suffered from the Scots and Picts, and its own civil wars, mentions it as yet containing twenty-eight cities, and some well-fortified castles; and as fertile, and abundant in cattle and sheep. The British workmen, also, were considered the best

builders, and were employed by the father of Constantine the Great, in rebuilding Autun.

With all their skill, however, in matters of art, the Romans had not been able to teach them the knowledge of the true religion. That conceited nation was itself plunged into the most shameful idolatry, and caught eagerly from other people, any fresh superstitions to add to its own. Proving, by their lamentable ignorance in this respect, that "the world by wisdom knew not God," they "forsook the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

Among "the rabble," reckoned as deities by the Saxons, and "by the like foolery" allowed by the Romans, was the goddess FREYA, or FRIGA, "who was made," in the words of Verstegan, "according as this picture here doth demonstrate."



THE IDOL FRIGA.

"In her right hand she held a drawn sword, and in her left a bow; signifying thereby, that women as well as men should in time of need be ready to fight. Some honoured her for a god, and some for a goddess, but she was ordinarily taken rather for a goddess than a god, and was reputed the giver of peace and plenty, and maker of love and amity; and of the day of her especial adoration, we yet retain the name of Friday; and as in the order of the days of the week, Thursday cometh between Wednesday and Friday, so in the northern regions, where they made the idol Thor, sitting or lying in a great hall upon a covered bed, they also placed on the one side of him the idol Woden, and on the other side the idol Friga. Some do call her Freya, and say she was the wife of Woden, but she was called Friga, and her day our Saxon ancestors called *Frige-deag*, from whence our name, now of Friday, indeed cometh."

A QUIET REBUKE FROM A SUPERIOR.—When Darius, King of Persia offered peace, with large advantages, to Alexander the Great, the latter declined the offer. Upon which Parmenio, (his chief counsellor,) said, "If I were Alexander I would accept the proposal." "So would I," replied Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." As much as to say, thou art not the man that I am.

ALL desire of singularity had a sure enemy in Dr. Johnson. Few people had a more settled reverence for the world than he, or were less captivated by new modes of behaviour introduced, or innovations on the long-received customs of common life. One day he met a friend driving six small ponies, and stopped to admire them. "Why does nobody," said Johnson, "begin the fashion of driving six spavined horses, all spavined of the same leg? It would have a mighty pretty effect, and produce the distinction of doing something worse than the common way." He hated the modern way of leaving a company, without taking notice to the lady of the house that he was going; and did not much like any of the contrivances by which ease has been lately introduced into society instead of ceremony, which had more of his approbation. The innocent amusements of society all found their advocates in Dr. Johnson, who inculcated, upon principle, the cultivation of those arts which many a moralist thinks himself bound to reject, and many a Christian holds unfit to be practised.

"No person," said he, one day, "goes under-dressed till he thinks himself of consequence enough to forbear carrying the badge of his rank upon his back." And, in answer to arguments used against showy decorations of the human figure, he was once heard to exclaim, "Oh, let us be found when our Master calls us, ripping, not the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues! Let us all conform in outward customs, which are of no consequence, to the manners of those whom we live among, and despise such paltry distinctions. Alas, sir," continued he, "a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

FOLLY and cunning divide mankind, yet they that are most crafty are the most cozened. They rob their neighbour of his money, and lose their own innocence; they disturb his rest and their own conscience; they throw him into prison, themselves into hell; they make poverty his portion, damnation their own.—*JEREMY TAYLOR.*

THE author of the following lines delights to see his fellow-labourers happy, and is convinced, that one effectual way of being so, is to be content with their lot, and in love with their duty. His verses, however humble, have a tendency to promote this.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC.

Now, wife and children, let's be gay,
My work is done, and here's the pay:
'Twas hard to earn, but never mind it
Hope rear'd the sheaf, and peace shall bind it.

Six days I've toil'd, and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat,
Of toast and tea, of rest and joy,
Which, gain'd by labour, cannot cloy.

Come ye who form my dear fire-side,
My care, my comfort, and my pride;
Come now, and let us close the night,
In harmless talk and fond delight.

To-morrow's dawn brings blessed peace,
And each domestic joy's increase
To him who honestly maintains
That course of life which Heav'n ordains.

For this, and every blessing giv'n,
Thankful we'll bow the knee to Heav'n;
In God's own house our voices raise,
With grateful notes of pray'r and praise.

Sweet's the tranquillity of heart,
Which public worship does impart,
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road,
To him whose conscience bears no load.

Thus shall the day, as God design'd,
Promote my health, improve my mind.
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.

Our life is but a lengthen'd week,
Through which with toil for rest we seek;
And he whose labour well is past,
A joyful SABBATH finds at last!

LONDON:

JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.
PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS,
PRICE SIXPENCE, AND
Sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors in the Kingdom.